Lionel and Clariſſa.

A

COMIC OPERA.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, in Catharine-ſtreet, Strand.

MDCCXLVIII.

[P. 1s 6d.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE the printing of this little Piece, it has been intimated to the Author, that he is likely to ſuffer from ſome ill Will, occaſioned by a very faulty, and very unfortunate, Opera of his repreſented laſt Winter; but he begs leave to obſerve, that it is againſt the Laws of *England* to try a Man twice for the ſame Fact; and more ſo, after Puniſhment has been inflicted. He thinks it can hardly be neceſſary to ſay, that he never, in any of his Writings, intended to give the leaſt Offence: And as his trifling Productions, have more than once, been lucky enough to be honoured with the Approbation of the Public; he flatters himſelf, ſhould he again be found capable of affording them an innocent Entertainment; that thoſe to whoſe Juſtice he moſt readily ſubſcribes, will not refuſe him an Opportunity of appealing to their Candour.

PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir John Flowerdale,	Mr. Gibſon.
Colonel Oldboy,	Mr. Shuter.
Mr. Jeſſamy,	Mr. Dyer.
Lionel,	Mr. Mattocks.
Harman,	Mr. Mahoon.
Jenkins,	Mr. Dunſtall.

WOMEN.

Diana,	Mrs. Baker.
Clariſſa,	Miſs Macklin.
Lady Mary Oldboy,	Mrs. Green.
Jenny,	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE the Country.

LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Colonel OLDBOY's Houſe: Colonel OLDBOY is diſcovered at breakfaſt reading a newſpaper; at a little diſtance from the tea-table ſits JENKINS; and on the oppoſite ſide DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpſicord. A Girl attending.

A. 4. *AH! how delightful the morning,*
How ſweet are the proſpects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be grateful to the ſeaſon,
It's pleaſures let's employ;
Kind Nature gives, and Reaſon
Permits us to enjoy.

Col. Well ſaid Dy, thank you Dy. This, maſter Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfaſt. Come here and kiſs me you ſlut, come here and kiſs me you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa; you call one ſuch names—

Col. A fine girl, maſter Jenkins, a deviliſh fine girl! ſhe has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you —ſpirit!—I deſign to marry her to a Duke: how much money do you think a Duke would expect with ſuch a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with ſubmiſſion, I think there is no occaſion to go out of our own country here; we have never a Duke in it I believe, but we have many an honeſt gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deſerve the young lady.

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country 'ſquire, eh! How ſay you to this Dy! would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my huſband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage; why you wou'd not wiſh to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her huſband is a rake, ſhe does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dian. Well, but liſten to me, papa--When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleaſure in ſhooting the poor tame ducks, and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheaſant, the woodcock are the game; there is ſome ſport in bringing them down becauſe they are wild; and it is juſt the ſame with an huſband or a lover. I would not waſte powder and ſhot, to wound one of your ſober pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing—

Col. Do you hear her, maſter Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you ſay to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an eſtate of eight thouſand pounds a year as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you ſee, to give this daughter to your ſon.

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miſs Clariſſa and our univerſity friend Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handſome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, maſter Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They ſay he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jen.

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little elſe than honour behind him. Sir John ſent this young man, at his own expence, to Oxford; where, while his ſon lived, they were upon the ſame footing: and ſince our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation he is come to pay us a viſit, and Sir John intends that he ſhall ſhortly take orders, for a very conſiderable benefice in the gift of the family, the preſent incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dian. The laſt time I was at at your houſe, he was teaching Miſs Clariſſa mathematics and philoſophy. Lord, what a ſtrange brain I have! If I was to ſit down to diſtract myſelf with ſuch ſtudies—

Col. Go, huſſey, let ſome of your brother's raſcals inform their maſter that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a meſſage from Sir John Flowerdale —You a brain for mathematics indeed! We ſhall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dian. Well, papa, and ſuppoſe we did. I believe, in a battle of the ſexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

To rob them of ſtrength, when wiſe Nature thought fit
By women to ſtill do her duty,
Inſtead of a ſword ſhe endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a ſhield in their beauty.
Sound, ſound then the trumpet, both ſexes to arms!
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly ſhall ſee, whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, JENKINS.

Col. Well, maſter Jenkins! don't you think now that a Nobleman, a Duke, an Earl, or a Marquis, might be content to ſhare his title——I ſay, you underſtand me—with a ſweetener of thirty or forty thouſand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Beſides, there's a proſpect of my whole eſtate; for, I dare ſwear, her brother will never have any children.

Jen. I ſhould be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two ſuch fortunes to deſcend to his heirs, as yours and Sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why look you, maſter Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honeſt gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd diſpute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial eſteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my ſon; ſhe is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a ſenſible girl, a worthy girl, and——a word in your ear—damn me if I aint very ſorry for her.

Jen. Sorry! Colonel?

Col. Ay——between ourſelves, maſter Jenkins, my ſon won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, maſter Jenkins, he won't do——he is not the thing, a prig——At ſixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, ſprightly boy, as you ſhould ſee in a thouſand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret——now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jen. Oh! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worſe huſband, I'll anſwer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality—— I was prevailed upon to ſend him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jeſſamy, who had no children of his own, and promiſed to leave him an eſtate——he has got the eſtate indeed, but, the fellow has taken

his Lordſhip's name for it. Now, maſter Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jeſſamy is better than that of Oldboy.

Jen. Well! but, Colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his Lordſhip has given your ſon an excellent education.

Col. Pſha! he ſent him to the univerſity, and to travel forſooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the univerſity myſelf, and never a ruſh the better for either. I quarelled with his Lordſhip about ſix years before his death, and ſo had not an opportunity of ſeeing how the youth went on; if I had, maſter Jenkins, I would no more have ſuffered him to be made ſuch a monkey of——He has been in my houſe but three days, and it is all turned topſy turvy by him and his raſcally ſervants——then his chamber is like a perfumer's ſhop, with waſh-balls, paſtes, and pomatum——and do you know he had the impudence to tell me yeſterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myſelf?

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my Lady Mary?

Col. What my wife? In the old way, maſter Jenkins; always complaining; ever ſomething the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs——but we have had the devil to pay lately——ſhe and I did not ſpeak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How ſo, Sir?

Col. A little affair of jealouſy——you muſt know my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me ——Upon my ſoul it is a fine fat chubby infant as ever I ſet my eyes on; I have ſent it to nurſe; and, between you and me, I believe I ſhall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my Lady has a pretty vein of poetry; ſhe writ me an heroic epiſtle upon it, where ſhe calls me her dear falſe Damon; ſo I let her cry a little, promiſed to do ſo no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I muſt take my leave; I have delivered my meſſage, and Sir John may expect the pleaſure of your company to dinner.

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you ſtay to ſee my ſon; I have ſent to him, and ſuppoſe he will be here as ſoon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occaſion, good Sir: preſent my humble reſpects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins, you muſt not go till you drink ſomething——let you and I have a bottle of hock——

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch any thing ſtrong in a morning.

Col. Never touch any thing ſtrong! Why one bottle won't hurt you man, this is old and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuſe me.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glaſs,
And I lov'd a laſs,
And I did as younker's did.

But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I muſt thoſe freaks forbear;
At ſixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worſe for wear.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mr. JESSAMY, *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *and then* *Colonel* OLDBOY.

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you ſhut the door there? Have you a mind I ſhould catch my death? This houſe is abſolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy ſtone, or in a windmill.

Mr. Jeſs. I thought they told your Ladyſhip that there was a meſſenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, Sir, and ſo there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's ſteward, who has lived in the family theſe forty years.

Mr. Jeſs. And pray, Sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himſelf: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been viſited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a ſoleciſm.

Col. 'Sblood, my Lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but laſt night from his ſiſter's ſeat in the weſt, and is a little out of order. But I ſuppoſe he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them.

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to ſay—

Col. He need not give himſelf ſo many affected airs; I think it's very well if he gets ſuch a girl for going for; ſhe's one of the handſomeſt and richeſt in this country, and more than he deſerves.

Mr. Jeſſ. That's an exceeding fine china jar your Ladyſhip has got in the next room; I ſaw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will ſend to my agent to purchaſe it: it is the true matchleſs old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that ſhe gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but ſhe reckons them at a hundred and twenty-

five

five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankeen beakers, and a couple of ſhaking Mandarins, that the cuſtom-houſe officers took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jeſſamy, ſince that's the name you chooſe to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jeſſ. Knock me down! Colonel? What do you mean? I muſt tell you, Sir, this is a language to which I have not been accuſtomed; and, if you think proper to continue or repeat it, I ſhall be under a neceſſity of quitting your houſe.

Col. Quitting my houſe?

Mr. Jeſſ. Yes, Sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, Sir, am not I your father, Sir, and have not I a right to talk to you as I like? I will, ſirrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the mattter, Madam! I mean, Madam, that he might have been changed at nurſe, Madam; and I believe he was.

Mr. Jeſſ. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you ſaucy jacknapes!

Lady M. Who's there, ſomebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into ſuch repeated convulſions—but I ſee your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very ſoon have that ſatisfaction.

Col. I can't bear the ſight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I ſhall faint.

Mr. Jeſſ. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck firſt. This curſed ſharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Marg'ret ſome harts-horn. My dear Mr. Oldboy why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it ſhocks my tender nerves?

Col.

Col. 'Sblood, Madam, its enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartſhorn! Hartſhorn!

Mr. Jeſſ. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jeſſ. Will you give me leave to aſk you one queſtion?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Mr. Jeſſ. I ſhould be glad to know, that's all, what ſingle circumſtance in my conduct, carriage, or figure you can poſſibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, ſeriouſly what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jeſſ. Be ingenuous, ſpeak and ſpare not.

Col. You would know?

Zounds Sir! then I'll tell you without any jeſt,
The thing of all things, which I hate and deteſt;
A coxcomb, a fop,
A dainty milk-ſop;
Who, eſſenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,
Looks juſt like a doll for a milliner's ſhop.
A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit;
All faſhion, no weight;
Who ſhrugs and takes ſnuff,
And carries a muff;
A minikin,
Finiking,
French powder-puff:
And now Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SCENE IV.

Lady MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Mr. Jeſſ. What's the matter with the Colonel, Madam; does your ladyſhip know? He ſeems a little diſordered in his ſenſes; I don't think it would be amiſs to take out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt him.

Lady M. Heigho! don't be ſurpriſed, my dear; it was the ſame thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jeſſamy; they never could agree: that good natured, friendly ſoul, knowing the delicacy of my conſtitution, has often ſaid, ſiſter Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I aſſure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himſelf. In the year of the hard-froſt, one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty-nine, when he firſt paid his addreſſes to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the conſent of your noble grandfather.

Mr. Jeſſ. I think he ought to be proud of me: I believe there's many a Duke, nay Prince, who would eſteem themſelves happy in having ſuch a ſon—

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your ſiſter was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and ſets his heart upon ſeeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jeſſ. He ſhould wiſh to ſee her look a little like a gentlewoman firſt. When ſhe was in London, laſt winter, I am told ſhe was taken notice of by a few men. But ſhe wants air, manner—

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it but herſelf without. I have tried her: about three years ago I ſet her to tranſlate a little French ſong: I found ſhe had not even an idea of verſification; and ſhe put down love and joy for rhyme—ſo I gave her over.

Mr. Jeſſ. Why, indeed, ſhe appears to have more of the Thaleſtris than the Sapho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I muſt go and dreſs myſelf, though I proteſt I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condeſcend to the Colonel a little—Do, my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma.

SCENE V.

Mr. JESSAMY.

Let me conſider: I am going to viſit a country Baronet here, who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter: the old gentleman has heard of my parts and underſtanding, Miſs of my figure and addreſs. But, ſuppoſe I ſhould not like her when I ſee her? Why, poſitively, then I will not have her; the treaty's at an end, and, ſans compliment, we break up the congreſs. But, won't that be cruel, after having ſuffered her to flatter herſelf with hopes, and ſhewing myſelf to her. She's a ſtrange dowdy I dare believe: however, ſhe brings proviſion with her for a ſeparate maintenance.

Antoine, appretez la toilet. I am going to ſpend a curſed day; that I perceive already; I wiſh it was over, I dread it as much as a general election.

When a man of faſhion condeſcendt,
To herd among his country friends,
They watch his looks, his motions:
One booby gapes, another ſtares,
And all he ſays, does, eats, drinks, wears,
Muſt ſuit their ruſtic notions.

But as for this brutiſh old clown here;
S'death, why did I ever come down here!
The ſavage will now never quit me:
Then a conſort to take,
For my family's ſake,
I'm in a fine jeopardy, ſplit me!

C 2 SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Study in Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S *House; two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathematical Inſtruments.* CLARISSA *enters, followed by* JENNY.

Clar. *Immortal pow'rs protect me,*
Aſſiſt, ſupport, direct me;
Relieve a heart oppreſt:
Ah! why this palpitation!
Ceaſe buſy perturbation,
And let me, let me reſt.

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Clar. Nothing Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, Madam, there is ſomething ails you indeed. Lord! what ſignifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am ſure it vexes me to the heart, ſo it does, to ſee, ſuch a dear, ſweet, worthy young Lady, as you are, pining yourſelf to death.

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling ſo much on my account; but, in a little time, I hope I ſhall be eaſier.

Jen. Why, now, here to day, Madam, for ſartain you ought to be merry to day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one elſe better, I am ſure, I wiſh you had him, with all my ſoul.

Clar. Suppoſe, Jenny, I was ſo unfortunate, as to like a man without my father's approbation; would you wiſh me married to him?

Jen. I wiſh you married to any one, Madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho!

Jen. Madam! Madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terras: I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not ſeem to be

be in over great ſpirits either. To be ſure, Madam, it's no buſineſs of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are thoſe in the houſe, who wou'd give more than ever I ſhall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a ſartain perſon that ſhall be nameleſs.

Clar. What do you mean? I don't underſtand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, Madam?

Clar. Ah! Jenny———

Jen. Lauk! Madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm ſure it will be a thouſand pities, for it is the ſweeteſt colour, and looks the niceſt put up in a cue —and your great pudding-ſleeves! Lord! they'll quite ſpoil his ſhape, and the fall of his ſhoulders. Well! Madam, if I was a Lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel ſhould be a parſon, if I could help it.

Clar. I'm going into my dreſſing-room—It ſeems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours; but, pray Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one elſe.

Jen. Me talk! Madam, I thought you knew me better; and, my dear Lady, keep up your ſpirits. I'm ſure I have dreſſed you to day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

I'm but a poor ſervant 'tis true, Ma'am;
But was I a lady like you, Ma'am,
In grief would I ſit! The dickens a bit;
No faith, I would ſearch the world thro', Ma'am,
To find what my liking could hit.

Set in caſe a young man,
In my fancy there ran;
It might anger my friends and relations:
But, if I had regard,
It ſhould go very hard,
Or, I'd follow my own inclinations.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, LIONEL.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a ſudden, this way; and at ſuch a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company muſt be doubly agreeable, as well as neceſſary to us? I am ſure you have no ſtudies at preſent, that require your attendance at Oxford: I muſt, therefore, inſiſt on your putting ſuch thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, Sir, I have been ſo long from the univerſity, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no abſolute ſtudies; but, really, Sir, I ſhall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go.

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for ſome time obſerved a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reaſon of it: I know, to minds ſerious, and well-inclined, like yours, the ſacred function you are about to embrace——

Lion. Dear Sir, your goodneſs to me, of every kind, is ſo great, ſo unmeritted! Your condeſcenſion, your friendly attentions—in ſhort, Sir, I want words to expreſs my ſenſe of obligations——

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my laſt letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, ſtill continues in good health, conſidering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from deſiring the death of ſo worthy and pious a man; yet, I muſt own, at this time, I could wiſh you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage; which would give me a ſecret ſatisfaction.

Lion. No doubt, Sir, any office in my power, that could be inſtrumental to the happineſs of any of your family, I ſhould perform with pleaſure.

Sir

Sir John. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy; to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible, for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness, in the alliance, Sir.

Sir John. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instruction——

Lion. You do my endeavours too much honour, Sir; I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir John. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom, I am far from considering ignorance as a desireable characteristic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man.

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, Sir.

Sir John. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to say to him, and will return to you again in a minute.

SCENE VIII.

LIONEL: *afterwards* CLARISSA, *and then* JENNY; *who enters abruptly and runs out again.*

Lion. To be a burthen to one's ſelf, to wage continual war with one's own paſſions, forced to combat, unable to overcome! But ſee, ſhe appears, whoſe preſence turns all my ſufferings into tranſport, and makes even miſery itſelf delightful.

Perhaps, Madam, you are not at leiſure now; otherwiſe, if you thought proper, we would reſume the ſubject we were upon yeſterday.

Clar. I am ſure, Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam you give me no trouble; I ſhould think every hour of my life happily employed in your ſervice; and, as this is probably the laſt time I ſhall have the ſatisfaction of attending you upon the ſame occaſion——

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myſelf extremely obliged to you; and ſhall ever conſider the enjoyment of your friendſhip——

Lion. My friendſhip, Madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the moſt perfect adoration, if the warmeſt wiſhes for your felicity, though I ſhould never be witneſs of it: if theſe, Madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a ſhare of your eſteem——

Clar. Hold Sir—I think I hear ſomebody.

Lion. If you pleaſe, Madam, we will turn over this celeſtial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I left you yeſterday?

Clar. Really, Sir, I have been ſo much diſturbed in my thoughts for theſe two or three days paſt, that I have not been able to look at any thing.

Lion. I am ſorry to hear that Madam; I hope there was nothing particular to diſturb you. The care Sir John

John takes to diſpoſe of your hand in a manner ſuitable to your birth and fortune.

Clar. I don't know, Sir;—I own I am diſturbed; I own I am uneaſy; there is ſomething weighs upon my heart, which I would feign diſcloſe.

Lion. Upon your heart, Madam! Did you ſay your heart?

Clar. I did, Sir,—I———

Jen. Madam! Madam! Here's a coach and ſix driving up the avenue: It's colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe the gentleman is in it, that's coming to court you.—Lord, I muſt run and have a peep at him out of the window.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why ſo Sir?—Bleſs me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter!—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam!

Clar. Pray ſpeak to me, Sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cauſe of this ſudden change.—How are you?—Where's your diſorder?

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

You aſk me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And ſubdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my ſoul to appeaſe;
But doom'd to indure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poiſon and feeds the diſeaſe.

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, DIANA.

Dian. My dear Clarilla—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's ſake, don't let any one break in upon us;—and give me leave to ſit down with you a little:—I am in ſuch a tremour, ſuch a panic—

Clar. Mercy on us, what has happened?

Dian. You may remember I told you, that when I was laſt winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman; I can't ſay but the wretch pleaſed me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth ſix-pence: And—In ſhort, when I was leaving town, I promiſed to correſpond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madneſs! But this is not the worſt; for what do you think, the creature had the aſſurance to write to me about three weeks ago, deſiring permiſſion to come down and ſpend the ſummer at my father's.

Clar. At your father's!

Dian. Ay, who never ſaw him, knows nothing of him, and would as ſoon conſent to my marrying a horſe jockey. He told me a long ſtory of ſome rule he intended to invent to make my father receive him as an indifferent perſon; and ſome gentlemen in London, he ſaid, would procure him a letter that ſhould give it a face; and he longed to ſee me ſo, he ſaid, he could not live without it; and if he could be permited but to ſpend a week with me——

Clar. Well, and what anſwer did you make?

Dian. Oh! abuſed him, and refuſed to liſten to any ſuch thing—But—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—Juſt before we left our houſe, the impudent monſter arrived there, attended by a couple of ſervants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear!—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Isn't my Lady below?

Dian. Yes, and I muſt run down to her. You'll have my brother here preſently too, he would fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father inſiſted on his walking with him over the fields.—

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you muſt find ſome method of immediately informing this gentleman that you conſider the outrage he has committed againſt you in the moſt heinous light, and inſiſt upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why, I believe that will be the beſt way—but then he'll be begging my pardon and aſking to ſtay.

Clar. Why then you muſt tell him poſitively you won't conſent to it; and if he perſiſts in ſo extravagant a deſign, tell him you'll never ſee him again as long as you live.

Dian. Muſt I tell him ſo?

Ah! pr'ythee ſpare me, deareſt creature!
How can you prompt me to ſo much ill-nature!
Kneeling before me,
Shou'd I hear him implore me;
Cou'd I accuſe him,
Cou'd I refuſe him
The boon he ſhou'd aſk?
Set not a lover the cruel taſk.

No, believe me my dear,
Was he now ſtanding here,
In ſpight of my frights and alarms;
I might rate him, might ſcold him,
But ſhou'd ſtill ſtrive to hold him,
And ſink at laſt into his arms.

SCENE X.

CLARISSA.

How easy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own! I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so; but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity will not suffer him to utter: it is my part then to speak first.——

Hope and fear alternate rising,
Strive for empire o'er my heart;
Ev'ry peril now despising,
Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me,
How to stem this beating tide;
If you've any rules to reach me,
Haste, and be the weak one's guide.

Thus, our trials at a distance,
Wisdom, science, promise aid;
But in need of their assistance,
We attempt to grasp a shade.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's *Houſe, with Gates, and a Proſpect of the Garden.*

HARMAN *enters with Colonel* OLDBOY.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not ſeen him theſe twelve years: he was an honeſt worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was curſedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of ſpirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this buſineſs of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't ſee much in it—An affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, Sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make ſome noiſe, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when hearing my caſe Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he ſaid, he was ſure you would permit me to remain at your houſe for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the caſe—And the girl's friends are in buſineſs—I'll tell you what will be the conſequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your ſollicitor; and, if you are obliged to pay for a ſingle ſpoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hoſpital.

Har. You are very kind, Sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you ſay there's money to be had—ſuppoſe you were to marry the wench?

Har. Do you think, Sir, that would be ſo right, after what has happened? Beſides, there's a ſtronger objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col.

Col. Oh! you are.

Har. Yes, Sir; but there are obſtacles—A father—In ſhort, Sir, the miſtreſs of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my preſent ſituation a little irkſome.

Col. In this county! Zounds! Then I am ſure I am acquainted with her, and the firſt letter of her name is——

Har. Excuſe me, Sir, I have ſome particular reaſons——

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha! ha! ha! My ſon picking his ſteps like a dancing-maſter. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the houſe, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have ſome ſport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, Sir, I'll take the liberty——

Col. But d'ye hear, I muſt have a little more diſcourſe with you about this girl; perhaps ſhe's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of ſervice to you; I ſuppoſe ſhe's handſome?

Har. It's impoſſible to deſcribe her to you.

Yet, ſhe is fair, divinely fair,
And ſofter than the balmy air
That vernal Zephir blows;
Her cheeks tranſcend the roſe's bloom,
And ſweeter is the rich perfume
Her ruby lips diſcloſe.

Fly ſwift, oh Love, and in her ear,
Whiſper ſoft, her lover's near,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
If my raſhneſs ſhould offend,
Intercede,
My pardon plead,
Her angry brow unbend.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, *and ſeveral Servants.*

Col. Why, Zounds! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before; you make as much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jeruſalem.

Mr. Jeſſ. Colonel, you have uſed me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner; you told me the way was all over a bowling-green; only ſee what a condition I am in!

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty? is that my fault? Beſides, we miſtook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will be never the worſe when they are bruſhed a little.

Mr. Jeſſ. Antoine! have you ſent La Roque for the ſhoes and ſtockings? Give me the glaſs out of your pocket—not a duſt of powder left in my hair, and the friſſure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—get your comb and pomatum; you muſt borrow ſome powder; I ſuppoſe there's ſuch a thing as a dreſſing-room in the houſe?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glaſs of wine curſedly—but hold! hold! Frank, where are you going? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you pleaſe; I ſee there's ſomebody coming out to welcome us.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, LIONEL, DIANA, CLARISSA.

Lion. Colonel your moſt obedient; Sir John is walking with my Lady in the garden, and has commiſſioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to ſee you—come here, Frank—this is my ſon, Sir.

Lion. Sir, I am extremely proud to——

Mr. Jeſſ. Can't you get the powder then?

Col. Miſs Clary, my little Miſs Clary—give me a kiſs my dear—as handſome as an angel by Heavens—Frank, why don't you come here? this is Miſs Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh Heavens Clariſſa! Juſt as I ſaid, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jeſſ. Had'nt we better go into the houſe?

To be made in ſuch a pickle!
Will you pleaſe to lead the way, Sir?

Col.——*No, but if you pleaſe, you may Sir,*
For precedence none will ſtickle.

Dian.— *Brother, no politeneſs? Bleſs me!*
Will you not your hand beſtow?
Lead the Lady.

Clar. —————*Don't diſtreſs me;*
Dear Diana let him go.

Mr. Jeſſ. *Ma'am permit me.*

Col. ————*Smoke the beau.*

A. 2. *Cruel muſt I, can I bear;*
Oh adverſe ſtars!
Oh fate ſevere!
Beſet, tormented,
Each hope prevented:

Col. *None but the brave deſerve the fair.*
Come Ma'am let me lead you:
Now, Sir, I precede you.

A. 5. *Lovers muſt ill uſage bear.*
Oh adverſe ſtars! oh fate ſevere!
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall, in Sir John FLOWERDALE'S *Houſe, with the View of a grand Stair-caſe, through an Arch. On either Side of the Stair-caſe below, two Doors, leading from different Apartments.*

LIONEL *enters followed by* JENNY.

Jen. Well, but Mr. Lionel, conſider, pray conſider now; how can you be ſo prodigious undiſcreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour? Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up ſo ſoon after dinner, and before any of the reſt of the company?

Lion. For Heaven's ſake, Jenny, don't ſpeak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the moſt wretched and miſerable of all mankind.

Jen. Poor dear ſoul I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miſerable enough indeed; and I aſſure you I have pitied you a great while, and ſpoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had ſuch a friend in a corner.

Lion, But, good Jenny, ſince, by ſome accident or other, you have been able to diſcover what I would willingly hide from all the world; I conjure you, as you regard my intereſt, as you value your Lady's peace and honour, never let the moſt diſtant hint of it eſcape you; for it is a ſecret of that importance——

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I cant keep a ſecret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it muſt be hear, ſee, and ſay nothing in this world, or one has no buſineſs to live in it; beſides who would not be in love with my Lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for ſhe is the handſomeſt, ſweeteſt temperdeſt! And I am ſure one of the beſt miſtreſſes, ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh Jenny! She's an angel.

Jen. And ſo ſhe is indeed—Do you know that ſhe gave me her blue and ſilver ſack to day, and it is every crum as good as new; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourſelf, for I am mortally ſartain ſhe would liverer ſee a toad than this Jeſſamy. Though I muſt ſay, to my thinking, he's a very likely man; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicater noſe I never ſaw on a face.

Lion. By Heavens I ſhall run mad.

Jen. And why ſo? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy: Moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thiſtle is to a carnation: and ſo's a ſign; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you, as much as ſhe hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect: No, I am unhappy, and let me continue ſo; my moſt preſumptuous thoughts ſhall never carry me to a wiſh that may affect her quiet, or give her cauſe to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you I muſt needs ſay; but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it; and if it ſhould be my Lady's caſe it is no fault of yours. I am ſure, when ſhe called me into her dreſſing-room, before ſhe went down to dinner, there ſhe ſtood with her eyes brim full of tears; and ſo I fell a crying for company—and then ſhe ſaid ſhe could not abide the chap in the parlour; and at the ſame time, ſhe bid me take an opportunity to ſpeak to you, and deſire you to meet her in the garden this evening after tea; for ſhe has ſomething to ſay to you.

Lion. Jenny, I ſee you are my friend; for which I thank you, though I know it is impoſſible to do me any ſervice; take this ring and wear it for my ſake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour; I am your friend indeed—but, I ſay, you won't forget to be in the garden now; and in the mean time keep as little in the houſe as you can, for walls have eyes and ears; and I can tell you the ſervants take notice of your uneaſineſs, tho' I am always deſiring them to mind their own buſineſs.

Lion. Pray have a care Jenny, have a care my dear girl, a word may breed ſuſpicion.

Jen. Pſha! have a care yourſelf; it is you that breeds ſuſpicion, ſighing and pining about; you look for all the world like a ghoſt; and if you don't pluck up your ſpirits you will be a ghoſt ſoon; letting things get the better of you. Though to be ſure when I thinks with myſelf, being croſs'd in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born made away with himſelf upon the account of it.

Lion. Things ſhan't get the better of me Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I ſay, fortune is thrown in your diſh and you are not to fling it out; my Lady's eſtate will be better than three biſhopricks if Sir John could give them to you. Think of that Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what?

Oh talk not to me of the wealth ſhe poſſeſſes,
My hopes and my views to herſelf I confine;
The ſplendour of riches but ſlightly impreſſes
A heart that is fraught with a paſſion like mine.

By love, only love, ſhou'd our ſouls be cemented;
No int'reſt, no motive, but that wou'd I own;
With her in a cottage be bleſt and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.

SCENE II.

JENNY, COLONEL OLDBOY.

Col. Very, well my Lady, I'll come again to you preſently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigal! Here Molly, Jenny, Betty! What's your name? Why don't you anſwer me, huſſey, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, Sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that would'nt prefer a raſcal to a gentleman—Come here, you ſlut, put your hands about my neck and kiſs me.

Jen. Who, I, Sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you ſhall go and live at one of my tenant's houſes.

Jen. I wonder you are'nt aſhamed, Sir, to make an honeſt girl any ſuch propoſal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a Lady of your own—To be ſure ſhe's a little ſtricken in years; but why ſhould'nt ſhe grow elderly as well as yourſelf?

Col. Burn a Lady, I love a pretty girl——

Jen. Well, then you may go look for one, Sir, I have no pretenſions to the title.

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charakter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruinate them.

Col. What, then people ſay——

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, Sir, tho' I'm in a menial ſtation, I'm come of people that won'd'nt ſee me put upon; there are thoſe that wou'd take my part againſt the proudeſt he in the land, that ſhould offer any thing uncivil.

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young Lady like my ſon?

Jen. You want to pump me do you? I ſuppoſe you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She does'nt like him then?

Jen. I don't ſay ſo, Sir—Isn't this a ſhame now—I ſuppoſe to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny ſaid that, and t'other—But here, Sir, I ax you, Did I tell you any ſuch thing?

Col. Why yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bleſs me, how can you———

Col. Ad I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

Indeed, forſooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At ſuch an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir,
Kiſs me!—No, no, Sir.
———
You pull me and ſhake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, Sir;
Nor will I be tame, Sir.
Lord, have you no ſhame, Sir,
To tumble one ſo?

SCENE

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up ſtairs, my dear?—Sir, I am prodigiouſly obliged to you; I proteſt I have not been ſo well, I don't know when: I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to-day; and eat ſo voraciouſly! Did you obſerve Miſs? the whole wing of a Partridge; Doctor Arſnic will be quite aſtoniſhed when he hears it; ſurely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of ſervice.

Col. Ah! you'll always be taking one ſlop or other till you poiſon yourſelf.

Lady M. It brought Sir Barnaby Drugg from death's door, after having tryed the Spaw and Briſtol waters without effect: it is good for ſeveral things, in many ſovereign, as in colds and conſumptions, and lowneſs of ſpirits; it corrects the humours, rectifies the juices, regulates the nervous ſyſtem; creates an appetite, prevents fluſhings and ſickneſs after meals; as alſo vain fears and head-achs; it is the fineſt thing in the world for an aſthma; and no body that takes it, is ever troubled with hyſterics.

Col. Give me a pinch of your Lordſhips's ſnuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty ſort of man, Colonel, who is he?

Col. A young fellow my Lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I proteſt he has the ſweeteſt taſte for poetry!—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother Lord Jeſſamy made on the mouſe that was drowned.

Col. Ay, a fine ſubject for a poem; a mouſe that was drowned in a——

Lady M. Huſh, my dear Colonel, don't mention it; to be ſure the circumſtance was vaſtly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morſel—I heard the Earl of Punley ſay, who underſtood Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus.

Col. Well, how did you like your ſon's behaviour at dinner, Madam? I thought the girl looked a little aſkew at him—Why, he found fault with every thing, and contradicted every body!

Lady M. Softly—Miſs Flowerdale I underſtand has deſired a private conference with him.

Col. What, Harman, have you got entertaining my daughter there? Come hither, Dy; has he been giving you a hiſtory of the accident that brought him down here?

Dian. No, Papa, the gentleman has been telling me——

Lady M. No matter whatMiſs —'tis not polite to repeat what has been ſaid.

Col. Well, well, my Lady, you know the compact we made; the boy is yours, the girl mine——Give me your hand Dy.

Lady M. Miſs, why won't you take a pair of my French chicken-gloves—your hands look ſo chapped and ſo red, I declare one would think you did up your own linen.

Col. Why now, my Lady, I think they are very white.

Lady M. Colonel I have done—Pray, Sir, was there any news when you left London; any thing about the Eaſt-Indies, the miniſtry, or politics of any kind? I am ſtrangely fond of politics: but I hear nothing ſince my Lord Jeffamy's death; he uſed to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himſelf. I have a manuſcript ſpeech of his in my cabinet—He never ſpoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man.

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyſhip's petticoat.

Lady M. Where! where!

Col. Zounds! a ſpider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh Heavens! Ah don't let me look at it; I ſhall faint, I ſhall faint! A ſpider! a ſpider! a ſpider!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

COLONEL OLDBOY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Col. Old. Hold; zounds let her go; I knew the ſpider would ſet her a galloping, with her damned fuſs about her brother my Lord Jeſſamy.——Harman come here.——How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handſome as this?

Har. In my opinion, Sir.

Col. What, as handſome as Dy——! I'll lay you twenty pounds ſhe has not ſuch a pair of eyes.——He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love, and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dia. Now, for my part, papa, I doubt it very much; though, by what I heard the gentleman ſay juſt now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him; and yet he may be miſtaken there too.

Col. For ſhame, Dy, what the miſchief do you mean? How can you talk ſo tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes? Give him your hand, and aſk his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.——For all this, ſhe is as good-natur'd a little devil, as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, Sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for ſome time carried on a private correſpondence with my lovely girl; and that her father, whoſe conſent we deſpair of obtaining, is the great obſtacle to our happineſs.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in ſpight of him, then?—I ran away with my wife—aſk my Lady Mary, ſhe'll tell you the thing herſelf.—Her old conceited Lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithſtanding their cheveux-de-frize of broken glaſs bottles, took her out of a three pair of ſtairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms.——By the way, ſhe would have ſqueezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been ſurrounded with the three regiments of guards.

Dia. But ſurely, papa, you would not perſuade the gentleman to ſuch a proceeding as this is; conſider the noiſe it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviſer and abettor——

Col. Why, what do I care? I ſay, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the aſſiſtance I can.

Har. I am ſure, Sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very ſcheme in my head, if I thought it was feaſible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feaſible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feaſible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have ſpirit ſufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that Sir, I can anſwer.

Dia. What, Sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har. No, Ma'am, that I have ſpirit enough to take her, if ſhe is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promiſe, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether ſhe is or not.

Col. So he may; ſhe lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to ſerve you. You ſhall have my poſt-chaiſe at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any uſe to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And you are really ſerious, Sir?

Col. Serious; damme if I am not. I have put twenty young fellows in a way of getting girls that they never would have thought of; and bring her to my houſe; whenever you come you ſhall have a ſupper and a bed; but you muſt marry her firſt, becauſe my Lady will be ſqueamiſh.

Dia. Well, but, my dear papa, upon my word you have a great deal to anſwer for: ſuppoſe it was your own caſe to have a daughter in ſuch circumſtances, would you be obliged to any one——

Col. Hold your tongue, huſſy, who bid you put in your par? However, Harman, I don't want to ſet

you upon any thing? 'tis no affair of mine to be sure, I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, Sir, I am quite charm'd with the advice; and, since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are ——

Har. Positively ——

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand. — You understand me. — No occasion to talk any further of it at present. — When we are alone — Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea. — I say, Harman, Mum. —

Har. O, Sir.

Col. What do you mean by your grave looks, mistress?

How cursedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter;
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.

Whets a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill-natur'd fox,
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SCENE

SCENE V.

DIANA, HARMAN.

Dian. Sir, I desire to know what gross act of imprudence you have ever discovered in me, to authorize you in this licence, or make you imagine I should not shew such marks of my resentment as your monstrous treatment of me deserves.

Har. Nay, my dear Diana, I confess I have been rather too bold;—but consider, I languish'd to see you; and when an opportunity offer'd to give me that pleasure without running any risque, either of your quiet or reputation, how hard was it to be resisted? 'Tis true, I little thought my visit would be attended with such happy consequences as it now seems to promise.

Dian. What do you mean?

Har. Why, don't you see your father has an inclination I should run away with you, and is contriving the means himself?

Dia. And do you think me capable of concurring? Do you think I have no more duty?

Har. I don't know that, Madam; I am sure your refusing to seize such an opportunity to make me happy, gives evident proofs that you have very little love.

Dia. If there is no way to convince you of my love but by my indiscretion, you are welcome to consider it, in what light you please.

Har. Was ever so unfortunate a dog?

Dia. Very pretty this upon my word; but is it possible you can be in earnest?

Har. It is a matter of too much consequence to jest about.

Dia. And you seriously think I ought——

Har. You are sensible there are no hopes of your father's cooly and wittingly consenting to our marriage; chance has thrown in our way a whimsical method of surprizing him into a compliance, and why should not we avail ourselves of it?

Dia. And ſo you would have me ——

Har. I ſhall ſay no more, Ma'am.

Dia, Nay, but, for Heaven's ſake ——

Har. No, Madam no; I have done.

Dia. And are you poſitively in this violent fuſs about the matter, or only giving yourſelf airs?

Har. You may ſuppoſe what you think proper, Madam.

Dia. Well, come;— let us go into the drawing-room and drink tea, and afterwards we'll talk of matters.

Har. I won't drink any tea.

Dia. Why ſo?

Har. Becauſe I don't like it.

Dia. Not like it! Ridiculous.

Har. I wiſh you would let me alone.

Dia. Nay, pr'ythee ——

Har. I won't.

Dia. Well, will you if I conſent to act as you pleaſe?

Har. I don't know whether I will or not.

Dia. Ha, ha, ha, poor Herman.

Come then, pining, peeviſh lover,
Tell me what to do and ſay;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it ſhall have its way.

With their humours, thus to teaze us,
Men are ſure the ſtrangeſt elves!
Silly creatures, would you pleaſe us,
You ſhould ſtill ſeem pleas'd yourſelves.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

HARMAN.

Say'ſt thou ſo, my girl! Then Love renounce me, if I drive not old Truepenny's humour to the uttermoſt.—Let me conſider;—— what ill conſequence can poſſibly attend it;—The deſign is his own, as in part will be the execution.——He may perhaps be angry when he finds out the deceit.—Well;—he deceives himſelf; and faults we commit ourſelves we ſeldom find much difficulty in pardoning.

Hence with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught ſhall ſtay me;
Boldly for that prize I ſteer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves diſmay me.

Yet, raſh lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none elſe to guide you.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to a handsome Dressing-room, supposed to be CLARISSA's. *On one Side, between the Doors, a Table with a Glass, Boxes, and two Chairs;* DIANA *enters before* JESSAMY.

Dia. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—— Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.——

Mr. Jess. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing-room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose and mouth to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place, *quel horrible physiognomie.*

Dia. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple, but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jess. Pale; —— but that I am determinrd she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see;— has she got any in her boxes here; *Veritable toilet a la Angloise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

Dia. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you: You are now going to entertain a young Lady— Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr

Mr. Jeff. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dia. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jeff. Come, come, ha, ha, ha.

Dia. I protest I am serious.—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitute the power of pleasing all women.

Mr. Jeff. Apres ma chere.

Dia. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a figure as degage and alluring as most of them.

Mr. Jeff. Upon my honour that's a charming India cabinet.—But Miss Flowerdale will be here presently.—You had better return to give the gentleman his tea, and it is ten to one but we shall agree, though I should not profit by your sage advice.

Dia. Well, I will leave you

I wonder, I swear,
How women can bear
A fop that himself still admires;
Mere puppets for play,
Of paper mache,
Without either soul or desires;
One's pat'd in one's arm,
To give them a name,
Things of such equivocal growth;
Nor master nor miss,
But 'twixt that and this,
Ridiculous copies of both. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

CLARISSA, *Mr.* JESSAMY.

Clar. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it—I am, really, greatly embarrass'd. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jess. My dear creature, don't be embarass'd before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but, this is a species of mauvaise honte, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jess. Perhaps, you may be under some uneasiness, lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better; and, with regard to fortune, full as well—But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, Sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jess. Mauvaise honte again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy——

Clar. Ah! Sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance——

Mr. Jess. Oh!—I understand you—You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl—Rat peoples tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples; and she is now here. But, be satisfied, I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Clar. Me Sir! I protest nobody told me—Lord! I never heard any such thing, or enquired about it.

Mr. Jess. Nor, have not they been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del——

Clar. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jeff. Well! I was afraid they might, becauſe, in this rude country—However, my dear creature, you ought to prepare yourſelf againſt any little trials of this kind; we are naturally volage; yet, I dare venture to promiſe you, that my flights will be but ſhort; and, I ſhall ſoon return again to my deſtined mate—But, why ſilent, on a ſudden—don't be afraid to ſpeak.

Clar. No, Sir, I will come to the ſubject, on which, I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generoſity.

Mr. Jeff. You'll find me generous as a prince, depend on't.

Clar. I am bleſs'd, Sir, with one of the beſt of fathers; I never yet diſobey'd him; in which I have had little merit; for his commands have always been to ſecure my own felicity.

Mr. Jeff. Well! my dear, don't imagine I will prevent your being dutiful to your father; no, no, continue to love him; I ſhan't be jealous.

Clar. But now, Sir, I am under the ſhocking neceſſity of diſobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jeff. Hem!

Clar. I repeat it, Sir, wretched for ever—my preſent ſituation—the gloomy proſpect before me—the inquietude of my mind——

Ah! how weak is inclination,
Fain I would yet more explain;
But, you ſee my agitation,
And will ſpare my tongue the pain.

Help, and force, at once forſake me,
On your kindneſs I depend.
Since your wife you cannot make me,
Make, O make me, Sir, your friend.

SCENE IX.

JENKINS, JESSAMY.

Mr. Jeſſ. Who's there?

Jenk. Do you call, Sir?

Mr. Jeſſ. Hark you, old gentleman, who are you?

Jenk. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jeſſ. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's ſteward; a ſervant he puts confidence in.

Jenk. Sir, I have ſerved Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the beſt of maſters; and, I believe, he has ſome dependancy on my attachment and fidelity.

Mr. Jeſſ. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I ſhall condeſcend to ſpeak to you. Does your maſter know who I am? Does he know, Sir, that I am likely to be a Peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thouſand pounds a year: that I have paſſed through all Europe with diſtinguiſhed eclat; that I refuſed the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenſolk, the great Dutch burgomaſter: and, that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a proteſtant, I might have married the niece of his preſent holineſs the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thouſand piaſtres.

Jenk. I am ſure, Sir, my maſter has all the reſpect imaginable——

Mr. Jeſſ. Then, Sir, how comes he, after my ſhewing an inclination to be allied to his family, how comes he, I ſay, to bring me to his houſe to be affronted. I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that inſults me, is no more ſafe than a man. I have brought a Lady to reaſon before now, for giving me ſaucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jenk. Pray, good Sir, what is the matter?

Mr. Jeſſ. Why, Sir, this is the matter, Sir—Your maſter's daughter, Sir, has behaved to me with damn'd inſolence, and impertinence; and, you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, firſt, with regard to her, that,

that, I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill bred country puss.

Jenk. Oh! Sir, for Heaven's sake——

Mr. Jess. And, that, with regard to himself; he is, in my opinion, an old, doating, ridiculous, country 'squire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jenk. Good lord! Good lord!

Mr. Jess. And, advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them, in the first place I meet them——And, if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

In Italy, Germany, France, I have been;
Where, princes I've liv'd with, where wonders I've seen;
The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me;
Nay, smile, ——*I have had from a queen.*
And, now, shall a peer,
In significant sneer,
With insolence blame me,
Presume to defame me?
She fancy's my pride will be shock'd.

But vent an contre air,
——*I'm pleas'd, I declare;*
Quite happy, to think,
I escape from the snare;
Serviteur Mam'selle; my claim I withdraw,
Hey! where are my people; fal, lal, lal, lol, la.

SCENE

SCENE

JENKINS.

I muſt go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young ſpark; for, he is a man of ſpirit, and would reſent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and as ſtout as he is, I fancy theſe old fiſts would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miſs Clariſſa; but, ſhe is incapable of treating him in the manner he ſays. Perhaps, ſhe may have behaved with ſome coldneſs towards him; and, yet, that is a myſtery to me too; for, ſhe has ſeen him before; and, I have heard Sir John ſay a thouſand times, that ſhe expreſſed no repugnance to the match.

Oh! ladies, lovely creatures;
Your wit, your ſhape, your features,
Are all divine:
But ſtill changing, feigning;
The man who ſeeks your meaning,
Goes out the ſea to fathom,
Without lead or line.

Your charms are form'd to pleaſe us;
You ſpread the lure to ſeize us:
And when we get
Into the net,
Why, then, you vex and teaze us.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's *Garden; with a view of a Canal, by Moon-light: the ſide Scenes repreſent Box-hedges, intermixed with Statues, and flowering Shrubs.* LIONEL *enters, leading* CLARISSA.

Lion. Hiſt—methought I heard a noiſe—ſhould we be ſurprized together, at a juncture ſo critical; what might be the conſequence—I know not how it is, but, at this, the happieſt moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart——

Clar. Then, what ſhould I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified, indeed; who, have diſcovered ſentiments which, perhaps, I ſhould have hid, with a frankneſs, that, by a man leſs generous, leſs noble minded than yourſelf, might be conſtrued to my diſadvantage.

Lion. Oh! wound me not with ſo cruel an expreſſion—you love me, and have condeſcended to confeſs it—You have ſeen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you——

Clar. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world? What could the moſt malicious ſuggeſt? They could but ſay, that, truth and ſincerity got the better of forms: that the tongue dar'd to ſpeak, the honeſt ſenſations of the mind; that, while you aimed at improving my underſtanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lion. And, is it! is it poſſible!

Clar. Be calm, and liſten to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor raſhly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a ſacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deſerving man in the world——

Lion. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deſerve you, ſo far I have merit; if, to have no wiſh,

no

hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

Clar. That, I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born for quiet and simplicity, the crouds of the world; the noise attending pomp and distinction, have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquility, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea; form'd with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other; Nature design'd us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul——

Clar. One only thing remember! Secure in each others affections, here we must rest; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world. That he will never force my inclinations, I am confident; and, while he lives, or, till some favourable accident, now unforeseen, offers to befriend us——

Lion. Command, dispose of me as you please; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and, I will believe that ours are already registered in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe so too.

Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.

Go, and may the Pow'rs that hear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

LIONEL, SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir John. Lionel, Lionel.

Lion. Who calls?

Sir John. Lionel.

Lion. Heavens! 'Tis Sir John Flowerdale; where shall I hide myself; how avoid him—this way unlucky—O cruel love, to what do you reduce me?

Sir John. Who's there?

Lion. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here, Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden; I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprize you; my daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him: it is impossible to describe to you, how I am grieved at this fatal accident; you know, as well as I, the cogent reasons that determined me to this marriage. Oh Lionel! Clarissa has deceived me: in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing are broken in a moment—my hopes frustrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourself.

Sir John. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy; than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

Lion. Have juster thoughts of her, Sir? She has not imposed on you, she is incapable—have but a little patience and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is paſt, and there's an end of it; yet I would conjecture to what ſuch an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be ſatisfied of the motive that could urge her to ſo extraordinary a proceeding, without the leaſt intimation, the leaſt warning to me, or any of her friends.

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous and offended Miſs Flowerdale's delicacy —certainly nothing elſe could occaſion——

Sir John. Heaven only knows——I think, indeed, there can be no ſettled averſion, and ſurely her affections are not engaged elſewhere.

Lion. Engag'd, Sir——No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be poſitive, Sir,—I'm ſure——

Sir John. O worthy young man, whoſe integrity, openneſs, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I ſee this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular diſappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor ſhall it: I well know how irkſome it is to a generous mind to live in a ſtate of dependence, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you eaſy for life.

Lion. Sir John, the ſituation of my mind at preſent is a little diſturb'd—ſpare me!——I beſeech you, ſpare me; why will you perſiſt in a goodneſs that makes me aſham'd of myſelf?

Sir John. There is an eſtate in this county which I purchaſed ſome years ago, by me it will never be miſſed, and whoever marries my daughter will have little reaſon to complain of my diſpoſing of ſuch a trifle for my own gratification. On the preſent marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for ſome time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours my dear Lionel, with every good wiſh that the warmeſt friend can beſtow.

Lion. Sir, if you preſented a piſtol with deſign to ſhoot me, I would ſubmit to it; but you muſt excuſe me, I cannot lay myſelf under more obligations.

Sir Tob. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myſelf: however, we'll talk no more on the ſubject at preſent, let us walk towards the houſe, our friends will depart elſe without my bidding them adieu.

SCENE XIII.

DIANA, CLARISSA, *and afterwards* LIONEL.

Dian. So then, my dear Clariſſa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Clar. I don't make it an abſolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its ſide.

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know ſomething of aſtronomy, but that—that little ſhining thing there, which ſeems not much larger than a ſilver plate, ſhould, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of faſhion! Lord the people of faſhion in the moon muſt be ſtrange creatures.

Clar. Methinks Venus ſhines very bright in yonder corner.

Dian. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I ſuppoſe if there are any inhabitants there, they muſt be all lovers.

Lion. Was ever ſuch a wretch—I can't ſtay a moment in a place; where is my repoſe?—fled with my virtue! Was I then born for falſhood and diſſimulation? I was, I was, and live to be conſcious of it; to impoſe upon my friend; to betray my benefactor, and lie to hide my ingratitude—a monſter in a moment—No, I may be the moſt unfortunate of men, but I will not be the moſt odious, while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honeſt, I will obey its voice.

SCENE XIV.

DIANA, CLARISSA, LIONEL, Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the miſchief, is this a time to be walking in thegarden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your mama is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning aſtronomy, Sir; do you know papa, that the moon is inhabited?

Col. Huſſy, you are half a lunatic yourſelf; come here, things have gone juſt as I imagin'd they wou'd, the girl has refus'd your brother, I knew he muſt diſguſt her.

Dian. Women will want taſte now and then, Sir.

Col. But I muſt talk to the young Lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in ſhort, all the neceſſary operations are ſettled between us, and I am to leave his houſe to-morrow morning, if I can but perſuade the young Lady——

Dian. Ay, but I hope the young Lady will have more ſenſe—Lord, how can you teaze me with your nonſenſe. Come, Sir, isn't it time for us to go in? Her Ladyſhip will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you; Miſs Clariſſa, my dear, tho' I am father of the puppy who has diſpleaſed you, give me a kiſs; you ſerv'd him right, and I thank you for it.

Col. *O what a night is here for love!*
Cynthia brightly ſhining above;
Among the trees,
To the ſighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling;
Stars a twinkling:

Dian. *O what a night is here for love!*
So may the morn propitious prove;
Har. *And ſo it will if right I gueſs:*
For ſometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bleſs.
A. 2. *Farewell my friend,*
May gentle reſt
Calm each tumult in your breaſt,
Every pain and fear remove.
Lion. *What have I done?*
Where ſhall I run,
With grief and ſhame at once oppreſt;
How my own upbraiding ſhun,
Or meet my friend diſtreſt?
A. 3. *Hark to Philomel, how ſweet,*
From yonder elm.
Col. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*
A. 5. *O what a night is here for love!*
But vainly Nature ſtrives to move,
Nor nightingales among the trees,
Nor twinkling ſtars, nor ſighing breeze,
Nor murm'ring ſtreams,
Nor Phœbe's beams,
Can charm unleſs the heart's at eaſe.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Colonel OLDBOY'S *House.* HARMAN *enters, with his Hat, Boots, and Whip, followed by* DIANA.

Dian. Pry'thee, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dian. I am afraid of the ſtep we are going to take; indeed, I am: 'tis true, my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on conſideration, I think, I ſhould appear leſs culpable if he was not ſo; I am at once criminal myſelf and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me?

Dian. Suppoſe I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderneſs, to blind my reaſon: how can you have ſo little regard for my honour as to ſacrifice it to a vain triumph? For, it is in that light I ſee the raſh action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks my conſenting to it ſhould injure me in your own eſteem. When a woman forgets what ſhe owes herſelf, a lover ſhould ſet little value upon any thing ſhe gives to him.

Har. Can you ſuppoſe then, can you imagine, that my paſſion will ever make me forget the veneration—And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dian. At beſt, I ſhall incur the cenſure of diſobedience, and indiſcretion; and, is it nothing to a young woman, what the world ſays of her? Ah! my good friend, be aſſured, ſuch a diſregard of the world is the firſt ſtep towards deſerving its reproaches.

Har. But, the neceſſity we are under—Mankind has too much good ſenſe, too much good nature—

Dian. Every one has good ſenſe enough to ſee other people's faults, and good nature enough to over-

overlook their own. Beſides, the moſt ſacred things may be made an ill uſe of; and, even marriage itſelf, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourſelf ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden; be there, at the iron-gate, which you ſhewed me juſt now; and, as the poſt-chaiſe comes round, I will ſtep and take you in.

Dian. Yet, one thing more. My fortune depends almoſt entirely upon my father's generoſity: now, think, with yourſelf, whether it would not be better to deviſe ſome other method.

Har. Hang fortune! It is the bane of love; and, therefore, they are both pictur'd blind, to ſhew, that their coming together can never be premeditated; but, if they do meet, it is by chance, when they joſtle, and one generally overturns t'other.

Dian. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to deſiſt.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dian. I ſhall never have reſolution to carry me thro' it.

Har. We ſhall have four horſes, my dear, and they will aſſiſt us.

Dian. In ſhort—I cannot go with you.

Har. But, before me—Into the garden, won't you?

Dian. Well, Harman, if ever hereafter you preſume to reproach me with this inſtance of my condeſcenſion—

Ah! how cruel the reflection,
Woman once to error led;
Ev'ry eye wakes for detection,
Ev'ry tongue the tale to ſpread.

Vainly is her fault lamented,
By the poor, miſguided fair;
That whith caution had prevented,
Penitence can ne'er repair.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Hey dey! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman? Dy. and you in private, eh?

Har. Yes, faith, Sir, ſhe has been taking me to taſk here, very ſeverely, with regard to this affair; and ſhe has ſaid ſo much againſt it, and put it into ſuch a ſtrange light, that, ſhe has almoſt ſtagger'd my reſolution.

Col. A buſy impertinent baggage; egad, I wiſh I had catched her meddling, and after I had ordered her not: but, the thing's gone too far now to retract: you ſay, you have ſent to the girl, and ſhe has return'd for anſwer, that ſhe is ready to go with you; you muſt not diſappoint the poor thing, nor you ſhan't.

Har. No, no, Colonel, I am determined; I always have politeneſs enough to hear a lady's reaſons; but, conſtancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well—now, let me aſk you; don't you think it would be proper upon this occaſion to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, where you have taken her, and how you deſign to diſpoſe of her?

Har. Certainly, Sir, and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd! I wo'nt truſt you with it; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit ſome curſed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me: I have writ the letter for you myſelf.

Har. Have you, Sir?

Col. Ay—here, read it; I think its the thing: however, you are welcome to make any alteration you like.

Har. "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, ſecretly; ſhe aſſures me there is no hopes of your conſenting to our marriage; I therefore, take her without it. I am a gentleman who will uſe her well; and,

and, when you conſider the matter, I dare ſwear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you ſhall find I dare behave myſelf like a man—A word to the wiſe—You muſt expect to hear from me in another ſtile."

Col. Now, Sir, I will tell you what you muſt do with this letter: as ſoon as you have got off with the girl, Sir, ſend your ſervant back to leave it at the houſe, with orders to have it deliver'd to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and ſix dozen of burgundy, that you won't have ſpirit enough to bring this affair to a criſis.

Har. And, I ſay done firſt, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, Sir; a chaiſe with four of the prettieſt bay geldings in England, with two boys in ſcarlet and ſilver jackets, that will whiſk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to tranſport me to the ſummit of my deſires.

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiſs for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither; you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and, take into the chaiſe whoever he pleaſes; and, drive like devils, do you hear; but, be kind to the dumb beaſts.

Har. Leave that to me, Sir—And ſo, my dear Colonel,

To fear a ſtranger,
Behold the ſoldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour ſounds the alarm;
But dauntleſs goes,
Among his foes.

In Cupid's militia,
So fearleſs I iſſue;
And, as you ſee,
Arm'd cap-a-pee,
Reſolve on death or victory.

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, *and then* JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale: it is addreſs'd to me, intreating my ſon to come over there again this morning. He apprehends the accident yeſterday aroſe from ſome miſtake, and I really believe it did; for certainly the young Lady could not be ſo wanting to her own intereſt, as premeditatedly to refuſe my ſon.

Col. What the devil young Lady would do otherwiſe!

Lady M. The note is brought by a maid; ſhe is in the anti-chamber—We had better ſpeak to her—Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I chuſe to ſtay where I am, if your Ladyſhip pleaſes.

Lady M. Stay where you are are! why ſo?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, huſſy.

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is ſomething at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expreſſion, child?

Jen. Why the Colonel knows very well, Madam, he wanted to be rude with me yeſterday.

Lady M. Oh Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her buſineſs. How come you to bring this note here?

Jenny. Why Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his houſe; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had ſome buſineſs with Sir John, ſo he deſired me to bring it, becauſe he ſaid it was not proper to be ſent by any of the common ſervants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help bluſhing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady? I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Jenny.

Jenny. Indeed, Madam, he offer'd to make me his kept Madam: I am ſure his uſage of me put me into ſuch a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, tho' I ſo lately forgave him; but, as the poet ſays, his ſex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and reſiſt temptation.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, I will.

Col. Why I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Jenny. No, Sir, it was no joke, you made me a proffer of money, ſo you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though ſhe was old you had no right to deſpiſe her.

Lady M. And how dare you, miſtreſs, make uſe of my name? Is it for ſuch trollops as you to talk of perſons of diſtinction behind their backs?

Jenny. Why, madam, I only ſaid you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale ſhall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you ſhall be turn'd out of the family; I ſee you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you ſhould be.

Jenny. I ſcorn your words, Madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you ſtay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jenny. Very well, Madam, I ſhall let my lady know how you have us'd me; but I ſhan't be turn'd out of my place, Madam, nor at a loſs, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't ſay you are young, I believe there is very few you will keep friends with.

I wonder, I'm ſure, why this fuſs ſhould be made,
For my part I'm neither aſham'd nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have ſaid.
A ſervant, I hope, is no ſlave;
And tho', to their ſhames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not ſo bad,
If occaſion I had,
Nor my character ſuch I need ſtarve on't.
And for going away,
I don't want to ſtay,
And ſo I'm your Ladyſhip's ſervant.

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jeff. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance, I will indeed. Only a new inſtance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with ſuch low wretches, farmers daughters and ſervant wenches: but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the ſame to him.

Mr. Jeff. Upon my word, Sir, I am ſorry to tell you, that thoſe practices very ill ſuit the character which you ought to endeavour to ſupport in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove!

Mr. Jeff. A man of your birth and diſtinction ſhould, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than ſuch low, ſuch vulgar libertiniſm.

Lady M. Conſider my birth and family too. Lady Mary Jeſſamy might have had the beſt matches in England.

Mr. Jeff. Then, Sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you ſo many lovely ſweet babes.

Mr. Jeff. Nay, Sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous ſin too——

Mr. Jeff. Indeed, Sir, I bluſh for you.

Col. S'death and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, Madam, do you know who I am?—Get up to your chamber, or ſounds I'll make ſuch a——

Lady M. Ah! my dear come away from him.

SCENE

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, a SERVANT.

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to an account! How now, you ſcoundrel, what do you want!

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, ſirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's ſervant, an't pleaſe your honour, that left this juſt now in the poſt-chaiſe—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, ſirrah—Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman! What young lady, ſirrah!

Mr. Jeſſ. There is ſome myſtery in this—With your leave, Sir, I'll open the letter, I believe it contains no ſecrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? you ſhan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—"To William "Oldboy, Eſq.—Sir, I have lov'd your daughter a great "while ſecretly—Conſenting to our marriage——"

Mr. Jeſſ. So ſo.

Col. You villain—you dog, what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Pleaſe your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's ſervant that went off juſt now in the poſt-chaiſe, come to the gate, and left it after his maſter was gone, I ſaw my young lady go into the chaiſe with the gentleman.

Mr. Jeſſ. A very fine joke indeed; pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourſelf? why this is your own hand.

Col. Call all the ſervants in the houſe, let horſes be ſaddled directly——every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick ſaid it was by your own orders.

Col. My orders, you raſcal, I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter——Dy——Diana Oldboy.

Mr. Jeſſ. Don't waſte your lungs to no purpoſe, Sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been brib'd to further the ſcheme of a pick-pocket here.

Mr. Jeſſ. Beſides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and ſpirit of this elegant epiſtle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll diſinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John———

Mr. Jeſſ. I am very glad of this, prodigiouſly glad of it, upon my honour but what ſhall I do with myſelf? I can't think of ſtaying here any longer—rot the country—I wiſh I had never returned to it, with their vulgar trade and liberty———

Bear, oh bear me, of a ſudden,
Some kind ſtroke of ſmiling chance,
From this land of beef and pudding,
To dear Italy or France:

I'm ſick to the ſoul,
Politicks and ſea-coal,
Have given me the vapours;
Their curſed news-papers,
Their mobbing,
Stock-jobbing,
Are horrors to me:
I wiſh the whole iſland was ſunk in the ſea.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

COLONEL OLDBOY, *with one Boot on, his Whip, his Cap, and a riding Coat on his arm; followed by a number of ſervants.*

A ſlut! a jade! and he a raſcal, a poaching raſcal! but damn me I won't follow her; No, no, take my whip and my cap; and my coat, and come here you, Sir, and pull off my boot; ay, ay, let her crime be her puniſhment; I won't follow her the length of a ſpur leather; but I will be revenged on her; ſhe ſhall never have ſix-pence from me: the diſappointment will put the ſcoundrel out of temper, and he'll thraſh her a dozen times a day—The thought pleaſes me, I hope he will do ſo—Zounds! who would ever have dependance on any thing female ſhe that ſeemed ſo well contented in my houſe, and in the very moment when I was beſt contented with her, and contriving to make her fortune——But why ſhould I vex myſelf? I am no worſe off than every father may be, if an opportunity offers.

Girls like ſquirrels oft appear,
In their cages pleaſed with ſlav'ry,
But, in fact, 'tis all but knav'ry;
Leſs thro' love than out of fear:
Only on their tricks relying,
Let them out, their bonds untying,
And you'll ſee the matter plain.
Once there's naught their flight to hamper,
Preſto—whiſk-away they ſcamper;
Never to return again.

Wou'd you manage laſſes rightly,
You muſt watch them daily, nightly,
Shut them cloſe, and hold them tightly;
Never looſe an inch of chain:
Freedom, run-aways will make 'em,
And the devil can't o'ertake e'm.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to CLARISSA's *Dreſſing-room; on the table is a cuſhion with bobins for making lace; and near it a ſmall frame for embroidery, with chairs.* CLARISSA *enters, followed by* JENNY.

Clar. Jenny, ſet my work here.

Jen. Yes, Ma'am, and my own too. I'm ſure I have been very idle this week, and I am in no very good working humour at preſent.

Clar. Where have you been: I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know.

Jen. Dear, Ma'am, never any thing happen'd ſo unlucky; I am ſorry you wanted me—But I was ſent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been ſo uſed—Lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed—I ſay quality—pray, Madam, do you think that I looks any ways like an immodeſt perſon—to be ſure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteeliſh, that's what I do.

Clar. Jenny, take away this thing, I can't work.

Jen. Heaven preſerve me, Madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny!

Jen. My dear miſtreſs, what's the matter?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, Madam; no, Lord forbid!

Clar. I am indeed—I have been raſh enough to diſcover my weakneſs for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then.

Clar. I have loſt his eſteem for ever, Jenny, ſince laſt night, that I fatally confeſs'd what I ſhould have kept a ſecret from all the world, he has ſcarce condeſcended to caſt a look at me, nor given me an anſwer when I ſpoke to him, but with coldneſs and reſerve.

Jen. Then he is a naſty, barbarous, unhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold; it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault, Madam, I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth, if he was a minister to-morrow and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot.

Clar. Somebody's at the door; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuousest, nicest, most delicatest——

Clar. How now.

Jen. Madam, its a message from Mr. Lionel, if you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you: I'll tell him, Madam, that you're busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny?

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him, but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand in the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear Madam, for your eyes are as red as ferrets, you are ready to faint too; mercy on us, for what do you grieve and vex yourself—if I was as you—

Clar. Oh!

Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'er flow;
Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a stranger,
Ventrous tempts the inconstant seas;
In each billow fancy's danger,
Shrinks at every rising breeze.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS.

Sir Jo. So then, the myſtery is diſcovered:—but is it poſſible that my daughter's refuſal of Colonel Oldboy's ſon ſhould proceed from a clandeſtine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel.

Jenk. My niece, Sir, is in her young Lady's ſecrets, and Lord knows ſhe had little deſign to betray them; but having remarked ſome odd expreſſions of hers yeſterday, when ſhe came down to me this morning with the letter, I queſtioned her; and, in ſhort, drew the whole affair out; upon which I feigned a recollection of ſome buſineſs with you, and deſired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herſelf, while I came up hither.

Sir Jo. And they are mutually promiſed to each other, and that promiſe was exchanged yeſterday.

Jenk. Yes, Sir, and it is my duty to tell you, elſe I would rather die then be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble and delicate ſentiments,——

Sir Jo. I thought ſo once, Jenkins.

Sir Jo. And think ſo ſtill: O good, Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleneſs which the world ſo deſervedly has given you, you have indeed cauſe to be offended; but conſider, Sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, ſenſible, and at a time of life when ſuch temptations are hard to be reſiſted: their opportunities were many, their caſt of thinking the ſame.——

Sir Jo. Jenkins, I can allow for all theſe things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocriſy, their hypocriſy wounds me.

Jen. Call it by a gentler name, Sir, modeſty on her part, apprehenſion on his.

Sir Jo. Then what opportunity have they had, they never were together but when my ſiſter or myſelf made one

one of the company; beſides, I had ſo firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude.———

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature ſtamp'd, that gracious countenance of his, to maſk a corrupt heart.

Sir Jo. How! at the very time that he was conſcious of being himſelf the cauſe of it; did he not ſhew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that laſt night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair; deſired my leave to ſpeak to my daughter; I thought myſelf obliged to him, conſented; and, in conſequence of his aſſurance of ſucceſs, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to deſire the family would come here again to-day.

Jenk. Sir, as we were ſtanding in the next room, I heard a meſſage delivered from Mr. Lionel, deſiring leave to wait upon your daughter; I dare ſwear they will be here preſently; ſuppoſe we were to ſtep into that cloſet, and overhear their converſation.

Sir Jo. What, Jenkins, after having lived ſo many years in confidence with my child, ſhall I become an eves-dropper to detect her.

Jenk. It is neceſſary at preſent.—Come in, my dear maſter, let us only conſider that we were once young like them; ſubject to the ſame paſſions, the ſame indiſcretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

When love gets into a youthful brain,
Inſtruction is fruitleſs, and caution vain:
Prudence may cry do ſo,
But if love ſays, no;
Poor Prudence may go,
With her preaching,
And teaching,
To Jericho.
Dear Sir, in old age,
'Tis not hard to be ſage,
And 'tis eaſy to point the way;
But do or ſay,
What we may,
Love and youth will have their day.

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, *and then* LIONEL.

Clar. He comes! O Heavens, in this trying moment vouchsafe your aid! A mist seems to gather round me, and I am ready to sink under I know not what I apprehension.—

Sir, you desired to speak to me; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart, it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine; I come, indeed, to speak to you, and yet, I know not how; I come to advise you, shall I say as a friend? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity, dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, Sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, Madam, is such a father as few are blessed with; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match.—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Clar. How, Sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jessamy?

Lion. I would advise you to marry any one, Madam, rather than a villain.

Cla. A villain, Sir!

Lion. I should be the worst of villains, Madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain: Nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful? Received into this house as an asylum; what have I done! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Clar. Say no more, Sir; say no more; I see my error too late; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex; I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity;

ſincerity; and it is juſt I ſhould meet with the treatment my imprudence deſerves.

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's ſecurity, I practiſed upon the tenderneſs and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone aſtray, I artfully laboured to lead yours aſtray: but here, Madam, I give you back thoſe vows which I inſidiouſly extorted from you; keep them for ſome happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Clar. For Heaven's ſake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't ſpeak to me.

Lion. Oh! my Clariſſa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myſelf for loving you;—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—Indulge my fondneſs with a laſt look——pray for your health and proſperity.

Clar. Can you forſake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and diſregards them?—Aſſiſt me how myſelf to my father's feet; he is generous and compaſſionate;—He knows your worth——

Lion. Mention it not; were you ſtript of fortune, reduced to the meaneſt ſtation, and I monarch of the globe, I ſhould glory in raiſing you to univerſal empire; but as it is——

Lion. *O dry thoſe tears! like melted ore,*
Faſt dropping on my heart they fall;
Think, think no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of paſt ſcenes recall.
On a wild ſea of paſſion toſs'd;
I ſplit upon the fatal ſhelf,
Friendſhip and love at once are loſt,
And now I wiſh to loſe myſelf.

SCENE X.

CLARISSA, JENNY, *then* Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, *and* JENKINS, *and afterwards* LIONEL.

Jenny. O Madam! I have betray'd you. I have gone and ſaid ſomething I ſhould not have ſaid to my uncle Jenkins; and, as ſure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Clar. My father!

Sir John. Go, Jenkins, and deſire that young gentleman to come back—ſtay where you are—but what have I done to you my child? How have I deſerv'd that you ſhould treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undeſigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks?

Clar. Oh Sir!

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am inſtructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear witneſs to your converſation in this place, you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the meaſures which juſtice preſcribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to ſay in my own defence; I ſtand before you, ſelf-convicted, ſelf-condemn'd, and ſhall ſubmit, without murmuring to the ſentence of my judge.

Sir John. As for you, Clariſſa, ſince your earlieſt infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother; and, that I might the better fulfil thoſe united duties, tho' left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a ſecond marriage—I loved you for your likeneſs to your dear mother; but that mother never deceiv'd me—and there the likeneſs fails—you have repaid my affection with diſſimulation—Clariſſa, you ſhould have truſted me.

Jenny. O my dear, ſweet Lady.

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find ſtrong enough to paint the exceſs of my friendſhip!

—I

—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father: he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son; educated you like a gentleman; and design'd you for a profession, to which, I thought, your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jenny. Dear me, dear me.

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was confer'd upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, Sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter, was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lion. To me Sir!—your daughter!—do you give her to me!—Without fortune—without friends—without—

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Clar. O, Sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and intreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguish'd. It is I should ask pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince—and

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds—blows

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourselves uneasy at this; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so; Heaven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, Madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveneſs. Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me; I did not deſign to diſcover it, indeed; and, you won't turn me off, Madam, will you? I'll ſerve you for nothing.

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me; and, I am ſure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your ſervices.

Jenny. Well, if I did not know, as ſure as could be, that ſome good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning; and, people may ſay what they pleaſe, but I ſhall have faith in dreams, as long as I liye.

Lion. *O bliſs unexpected! my joys overpow'r me!*
My love, my Clariſſa, what words ſhall I find!
Remorſe, deſperation, no longer devour me—
He bleſs'd us, and peace is reſtor'd to my mind.

Clar. *He bleſs'd us!—O rapture!—Like one I recover.*
Whom death had appal'd without hope, without aid;
A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;
A moment reſtores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lion. *Forſaken, abandoned,*
Clar. ——————*What folly! what blindneſs!*
Lion. *We fortune accus'd;*
Clar. ——————*and the fates that decreed:*
A. 2. *But pain was inflicted by Heaven, out of kindneſs,*
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to ſucceed;
Our day was o'ercaſt;
But brighter the ſcene is,
The ſky more ſerene is,
And ſofter the calm for the hurricane paſt.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S *Hall.* *Lady* MARY OLDBOY *enters, leaning on a Servant, Mr.* JESSAMY *leading her; and afterwards, on the other Side, Sir* JOHN FLOWERDALE *enters with Colonel* OLDBOY.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear;—set me down any where; I can't go a step further—— I knew, when Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should be seized with a megrim by the way; and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jess. But, pr'thee, why will you let yourself be affected with such trifles—Nothing more common than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold, cold!

Mr. Jess. Well, but Lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people; I see there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves! my dear? Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixote.

Mr. Jess. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Sir Jo. I give you my word, my good friend, and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occasion, is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have happened—You see my situation; and, as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do? you see we have obey'd your summons; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that my son yielded to my intreaties with very little disagreement: in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but my Lady, you may save your rhetoric; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jess. What do you say, Sir?

SCENE XIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE. *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, *Colonel* OLDBOY, LIONEL, CLARISSA, JENNY.

Sir John. Here are my ſon and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, Madam, it is not for want of a juſt ſenſe of Mr. Jeſſamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any ſide: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impreſſion is not eaſily effac'd; it would therefore have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality poſſeſſed.

Mr. Jeſſ. Upon my honour, upon my ſoul, Sir John, I am not the leaſt offended at this *contre temps*—Pray, Lady Mary ſay no more about it.——

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiſs by you; yes, I ſee you are angry on your ſon's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Ay—that's more than I have—Taken amiſs—I don't take any thing amiſs; I never was in better ſpirits, or more pleaſed in my life.

ir John. Come, you are uneaſy at ſomething, Colonel.

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneaſy—are you a juſtice of peace! Then you could give me a warrant, cou'd'nt you? You muſt know, Sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family ſince I ſaw you laſt, you and I may ſhake hands—Daughters, Sir, daughters! Your's has ſnapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has ſerv'd me this morning? —only run away with the ſcoundrel I brought to dinner, here, yeſterday.

Sir John. I am exceſſively concerned.

Col.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concern'd—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confeſs, I ſhould be ſorry that either of them would come in my way, becauſe a man's temper may ſometimes get the better of him, and I believe I ſhould be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Clar. But pray, Sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

SCENE XIV.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, *Colonel* OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY, DIANA, HARMAN, JENKINS.

Dian. No, my dear papa, I am not run away; and, upon my knees, I intreat your pardon for the folly I have committed; but, let it be ſome alleviation that duty, affection, were too ſtrong to ſuffer me to carry it to extremity: and, if you knew the agony I have been in, ſince I ſaw you laſt——

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I reſtore your daughter to you; whoſe fault, as far as it goes, I muſt alſo take upon myſelf; we have been known to each other ſometime; as Lady Richly, your ſiſter, in London, can acquaint you—

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you raſcal where's your ſword; if you are a gentleman you ſhall fight me; if you are a ſcrub, I'll horſe-whip you—Draw, Sirrah—Shut the door there, don't let him eſcape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to eſcape; I am extremely ſorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any ſatisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds! I have no ſword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend us a caſe of piſtols, or a couple of guns; and, come and ſee fair play.

Clar. My dear papa!

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale—O my indiſcretion—we came here, Sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight I ſhall expire.

Sir John. Pray, Colonel, let me ſpeak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a ſaw-pit——.

Mr. Jeſſ. Why, Miſs Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance—And, pray who is this courteous knight?

Lady M. O Sir, you that I thought ſuch a pretty behav'd gentleman!

Mr. Jeſſ. What buſineſs are you of friend?

Har. My chief trade, Sir, is plain dealing; and, as that is a commodity you have no reaſon to be very fond of, I would not adviſe you to purchaſe any of it by impertinence;

Col. And is this what you would adviſe me to?

Sir John. It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are ſituated, there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myſelf, was I in your caſe.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it—ſay what you will for me then.

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to uſe a few arguments, which have ſoftned my neighbour here; and in ſome meaſure pacified his reſentment. I find, Sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny, I deſire no favour—And for fortune——

Col. Oh! Rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And ſo, Dy, kiſs and friends.

Mr. Jeſſ. What, Sir, have you no more to ſay to the man who has uſed you ſo ill?

Col. Us'd me ill!—That's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it; it's long before you would have ſpirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman give me your hand;

hand; let's hear no more of this now——Sir John Flowerdale, what ſay you? ſhall we ſpend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony?

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great-coat.

Lion. *Come then, all ye ſocial pow'rs,*
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliſs the preſent hours,
And lighten thoſe before us.
May the juſt, the gen'rous kind,
Still ſee that you regard 'em;
And Lionels for ever find,
Clariſſa's to reward 'em.

Clar. *Love, thy godhead I adore,*
Source of ſacred paſſion;
But will never bow before
Thoſe idols, wealth, or faſhion.
May, like me, each maiden wiſe,
From the fop defend her;
Learning, ſenſe, and virtue prize,
And ſcorn the vain pretender.

Har. *Why the plague ſhould men be ſad,*
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and ſing,
And caſt our cares behind us.

Dian. *How ſhall I eſcape—ſo naught,*
On filial laws to trample;
I'll e'en curtſey, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are ſhameleſs;
Oft tranſgreſs—the things, too true—
But are you always blameleſs?

Col. *One word more before we go;*
Girls and boys have patience;
You to friends must something owe,
As well as to relations.
These kind genelemen addreſs—
What tho' we forgave 'em,
Still they muſt be loſt, unleſs
You lend a hand to ſave 'em.

END OF THE OPERA.